

THE BLUE VALLEY QUEEN.

ANCIENT INDIAN LEGEND CONCERNING THE MILFORD SPRINGS.

Love, Jealousy and Revenge the Important Ingredients—The Chief's Lovely Daughter Chooses Between Two Brides, Assassination and Vengeance.

While wandering about the Lithium springs, just at the edge of the little village of Milford, one day, the writer remarked the large number of Indians in the vicinity. An inquiry developed the fact that the regenerated savages of the Omaha, Otoe and Pawnee tribes pay frequent visits to that locality and always carry off with them jars and bottles of the water. The sight of a half dollar and a little persistent questioning induced an ugly warrior, with a six word name, to tell why they came so far from their reservations to partake of the water. His story is one of the legends of the tribe, and was as follows, minus the broken language used.

Many years ago the Otoe and Pawnee were united under one tribal organization, and were presided over by a wise chieftain named Quenchequa. Under his leadership happiness and prosperity reigned. His villages were surrounded by fields of corn and the hills filled with the skins of the buffalo and antelope.

Quenchequa had a daughter, who was called Shogo, the fairest and sweetest of the prairie flowers. The trophies of the chase adorned her wigwam, and she was known and honored for her beauty far and wide. Among the young chieftains of the allied tribes there were more ardent suitors than Kallama, or the Pawnee, and Popote, of the Otoe. Both of these youthful warriors were brave and noble, as warriors go, and for a long time Shogo was unable to make any distinction in her affection between them. At last, however, she decided in her heart that, while she was very fond of Popote, she liked Kallama better. In this comparative judgment the aged chieftain, Quenchequa, coincided. As is ever the case, the course of true love did not run smooth, and trouble ensued between the hitherto friendly tribes. Not long after the espousal of Kallama and Shogo.

A division of territory became necessary and the Otoe were given the land east of the Big Blue river, and the Pawnee a broad expanse of territory west of the river. The prairie on each side of the river for quite a wide distance remained neutral. Experience promptly proved the folly of separation, and, while maintaining individual organizations, the two tribes again came to an amicable understanding, whereby, in case of an invasion, a union of forces would be maintained. This continued in effect until the death of Quenchequa, which, according to the most authentic accounts, must have occurred some time prior to the time when the Spanish general, Coronado, entered the territory now known as Nebraska in quest of the seven cities of Cibola and the mythical capital of the far famed King Tartarus.

The death of the great chieftain was followed by several years of estrangement. Finally Popote sent a swift messenger to the camp of Kallama and requested him to meet the Otoe in council assembled at the Salt Lake for the purpose of an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. The Pawnee chieftain, ever ready to form a union with his powerful brother, obeyed the request, and taking with him a few of his wise counselors, he went to the meeting. The rising sun to the appointed place of meeting, and by the time the Shogo, whose queenly beauty, as she rode her spotted pony toward the scene of her early childhood, dispelled any dark forebodings that might have lurked in the breast of Kallama as he thought of meeting his old rival. Arriving at the designated spot, the young warriors greeted their old friends with the bubbling springs and exchanged greetings with their brother tribes.

The presence of their beautiful Shogo aroused a dormant feeling of jealousy in the Otoe chieftain, and despite his good intentions the preponderance of native treachery inspired him to do a treacherous deed. Kallama, who succumbed to the unlooked for attack. The deed was done; but the avenging spirit of the aged Quenchequa arose from the spring and slew Popote and put to flight his warriors, who were about to follow the example of their leader in waging a war of annihilation on their treacherous guests. The spirit of Quenchequa, seeing the tomahawk of the dead slayer, washed the blood stains away in the waters which were immediately turned to bitterness. It was decreed by the outraged spirit that the water should be unfit for man or beast until many summers and winters had passed away.

Then, turning with the weeping Shogo and her followers, the party sorrowfully departed in the direction of the setting sun. One-half day's travel brought them to a rapidly flowing stream, where waters sparkling over rocky beds, shadowed by gigantic trees and winding vines, proceeded to the western bank of the river the spirit of Quenchequa arose from the spring and slew Popote and put to flight his warriors, who were about to follow the example of their leader in waging a war of annihilation on their treacherous guests. The spirit of Quenchequa, seeing the tomahawk of the dead slayer, washed the blood stains away in the waters which were immediately turned to bitterness. It was decreed by the outraged spirit that the water should be unfit for man or beast until many summers and winters had passed away.

A high promontory, situated a few hundred yards south of the Big Medicine Water, adorned by stately oaks and overlooking the waters of the spring, was the quiet retreat of Shogo as she watched the rising sun and appeared to hold secret communion with the departed Prince Kallama. This habit gave prominence to her supposed supernatural powers, and this picturesque elevation was held sacred by her faithful followers. Years passed away, and a strange people, clad in helmets and armor of brass, came from the south in portion of Gen. Comoros's army, and, hearing the sad story of the Indian queen, persuaded her that the one she mourned upon inhabited the happy hunting grounds many trampled miles to the southwest, beyond mountains and streams.

She was willing to undergo the hardships of a dreary march for the sake of joining the companion of her youth and husband. Thus armed she was persuaded to accompany the cavaliers with a few trusted followers, and after the sacrifice of a few spotted fawns on the promontory and the dedication of the springs to the affliction of her nation, she bade them farewell forever, nevermore to be seen, but ever worshipped as the guardian spirit. Thus ends the legend.

The Big Medicine Water is the Lithium springs at Milford, and the place where the rudely awakened spirit of Quenchequa turned the waters into bitterness was the site upon which Lincoln now stands. Even to this day the Indians make frequent visits to Queen Shogo's realm at Milford, but not one of them can be persuaded to taste of the water from the sulphur well in Government square in this city.—Lincoln (Nebraska) Special in New York Tribune.

Wonderful Human Mechanism.

Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural laws with which we are unaccounted. The author had once heard Miss Janothia play a prelude by Mendelssohn. She played 5,000 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement of the thumb as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrists, elbows and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each note.

Therefore, there were three distinct movements for each note, as there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements.

that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of those notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Therefore there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all these were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three conscious sensations for every note.

There were seventy-two transmissions per second, one hundred and forty-four to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than two hundred transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the motions which the music was intended to inspire.—Popular Science Monthly.

Habits of Ostriches.
There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which I have been told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious. He says that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand and imagine he is unobserved by his enemies. On the contrary he is a very pugnacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does the female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand, as is often said. She builds a nest in the open, and the eggs are quite visible and do not deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from an ordinary cane.

His strength lies in his great breast and his feet. He has one great claw and a very small one, and with a terrible precision he can bring down the large claw with a cruel force that will tear open anything not made of sheet iron. Savage birds at best, they are dangerously so during breeding time. The twenty-two birds brought to the California ranch trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the equator. It being the rainy season, their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure.

The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole some six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator house, the California ranch requires no buildings for the use of the birds, though the land is not so fertile as the land in the south. In each acre in ten or fifteen minutes a horse could travel over it without breaking through. Great was the suffering among the people. This change from a rainy, springlike atmosphere to that of an arctic coldest found them unprepared. Many were out on the prairie without overcoats, gloves or mittens, and were badly frozen before they could reach their homes. Some were frozen to death. Stock—horses, cattle and swine—were frozen, and the birds and animals of the prairie and forests were almost exterminated.

It was as severe on the settlers of that day as the "Dakota blizzard" of two years ago was to the people of that territory. Before closing this inadequate description of the "blizzard" I will describe the privation and suffering of an expectant bridegroom, who was "caught out" in the winter elements, and as "all is well that ends well," as it proved in this, I know your readers will enjoy the relation.

My old friend Washington Crowder, one of the early pioneers of Sangamon county, had concluded the courting of Miss Isabel Laughlin on the 10th, they agreeing to "organize a family." He had asked consent of the parents of the bride-elect, the wedding to take place on the 21st, the intervening day being necessary to go to Springfield and get the license that would permit the minister to tie the knot.

So, on the morning of the 20th, he took his way across the prairie from a point on Sugar creek, some ten miles south of Springfield. He rode a stalwart horse, as the roads were deep with melting snow, "dash," and as it was raining he carried a broad umbrella over him and wore a long tailed overcoat "all buttoned down before" that almost reached his feet. Thus comfortably equipped he pursued his way, taking it easy, as he did not choose to urge the horse through the deep snow.

When he had gone over half way he noticed, off to the far northwest, the cloud rising that I have described. It came nearer and nearer until the phenomenal howling sounds—cloud of ink blackness, thunder and lightning and general commotion of the elements, then the wind turned, blowing from the time he had lowered his umbrella, taking him a moment. But presto, change! When gathering up his bride he found them stiff as iron poles; the water and "slush" were ice, and in less than fifteen minutes his horse walked on top of the congealed snow.

Carefully but slowly he waded his way on to Springfield and, stopping in front of a store on the west side of the square, he tried to dismount. Not much. His clothing, his long tailed overcoat that had served him such a good purpose, and his pantaloons all were frozen fast to the saddle and to the horse, and he and the horse were one man, saddle and horse—with the big overcoat like a sheet iron casement encircling them. He called loudly for help and two men came out of the store.

"They 'took in the situation,' examined the 'subject,' and 'hally one' and 'hally one' along the saddle girth, found that the animal had kept the saddle girth limber. He unbuckled it, and by the united effort of the two saddle and man were 'peeled' from the horse and carried into the store, placed before a roaring fire and 'thawed' apart; the overcoat released its stiffness and the horse, him. After warming himself he proceeded to the clerk's office, procured the necessary document, went to the hotel, ate a hearty dinner, his horse having been cared for, and soon he was ready to proceed homeward.

AN OLD TIME BLIZZARD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A STORM OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It Came With a Low, Howling Noise, Accompanied by Electric Pyrotechnics, and an Ice Breath—From Thaw to Freeze in Five Minutes—A Plucky Bridegroom.

The memory of but few of the pioneers of western Illinois and eastern Iowa will carry them back with me to December 30, 1856, the date of the long time remembered sudden change, the most remarkable in meteorological annals that is recorded, and now only found in a few old files of the newspapers of that day and referred to in some of the histories of that time.

For several days previous, up to the 10th, it had been what we in Illinois and Iowa call "snow weather." Snow had fallen to the depth of three or four inches, the sleighing was fairly good and the settlers were improving it by hauling firewood, rails and building material from the "timber lots" to their homes and to their newly improved farms. On the 19th the weather moderated, and in the early morning it cleared up and a high pressure engine as we use them in this city gives for every thirty pounds of water evaporated into steam one indicated horse power per hour. In other words, we use under the most favorable conditions and the most perfect management of furnaces three pounds of coal to produce this result. Now, by compounding engines, or by even going to the point of using triple expanding machines, we can get one indicated horse power per hour from twelve pounds of steam, or with one and two-thirds pounds of coal. This method of using steam is not economical except when you can get plenty of free water for condensation purposes, as in steam engines one and a half gallons of water per indicated horse power per minute.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The snow was melting from the influence of the springlike weather and the rain, and had become "slush" snow, mud and water. This continued to melt 11 o'clock in the morning, when, off to the northwest was observed a dark, heavy cloud. As it rose toward the zenith it spread west and north, accompanied by a low, howling noise, "as the sound of far off waters falling into deep abysses." As the cloud spread it became ink black, the thunder increased, the lightning played, making a grand pyrotechnic display from this artillery practice in the sky.

The commotion increased. The air seemed resonant with the tumult of the elements and the howling sound as from the bowels of the earth increased. It was everywhere—perpetual space. "Could not tell where it came or whither it went." A dusky darkness spread over the earth, the thunder and lightning still continuing. Then the wind broke loose and spread its icy presence over the land—"the December thaw" was at an end. Winter claimed dominion, showed his power by his coldness, and clapped earth and space in his embrace.

The thunder and lightning ceased, as did the howling sound, but the clear cut, piercing wind came with freezing power from the bleak stretches of the northern prairies, and in less time than I am writing this the water, snow and soft earth were congealed into ice so that in a minute it would bear the weight of a man, and in ten or fifteen minutes a horse could travel over it without breaking through.

Great was the suffering among the people. This change from a rainy, springlike atmosphere to that of an arctic coldest found them unprepared. Many were out on the prairie without overcoats, gloves or mittens, and were badly frozen before they could reach their homes. Some were frozen to death. Stock—horses, cattle and swine—were frozen, and the birds and animals of the prairie and forests were almost exterminated.

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team that the town afforded. "We were to play in a little town out west one night, and had secured from the only livery establishment in the place the pair of horses which were also used in the town house. Well, there was a funeral that day, but the stable keeper, who was an Irishman, promised faithfully to be on hand at the tavern by 2 o'clock. The members of the company, surrounded by a crowd of gaping rustics, were standing out on the plank walk waiting for the start, and I was on the porch waiting impatiently for 'me coach.' At 1:50 o'clock I looked down the road in the direction of the stable and discovered an open carriage with two horses on a dead run, driven by our Irish friend, who yelled out to me as he reined in his panting steeds before door: 'Av yes thought I wasn't comin', sure yes don't know Pat Shea, for, he hevins, I'd been here on time av I'd had to brought the corpse wid me!'—New York Star.

Compounding Engines.
The question of compounding engines—that is, making a specified amount of steam do its work twice, three or four or more times, and again, by condensing the same steam and by producing a vacuum, making the atmosphere add its force to that of steam, is one that has for a long time received attention from mechanical engineers, especially in the early days of steam navigation. The ordinary high pressure engine as we use them in this city gives for every thirty pounds of water evaporated into steam one indicated horse power per hour. In other words, we use under the most favorable conditions and the most perfect management of furnaces three pounds of coal to produce this result. Now, by compounding engines, or by even going to the point of using triple expanding machines, we can get one indicated horse power per hour from twelve pounds of steam, or with one and two-thirds pounds of coal. This method of using steam is not economical except when you can get plenty of free water for condensation purposes, as in steam engines one and a half gallons of water per indicated horse power per minute.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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